WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871.

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Choice Loetry. THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

BY JOHN G. WHITTHER

Pipes of the misty moorfand,
Voice of the gien and hill;
The drone of highland torrent,
The song of lowland rill!
Not the brace of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch,
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the aweetest of all music,
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

Day by day, the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round, the imple serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for reacue, wives and motheraPray to-day!" the soldier said;
'For to-morrow, death a between us
And the wrung and between us

Ohl they listened, looked, and waited, Till their hope became despair, And the solve of low bewaling Filled the paness of their prayer. Then up-sake a Scottish maiden, With her car upon the ground: "Dinna ye hear it!—dinna ye hear it! The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his ground Hushed the wife her little ones; Alone they heard the drum-roll, And the rear of Sepoy guns. But to sounds of home and childhood

ut to sounds of home and childhood The Highland ear was true: Dinns ye hear it!—'tis the slogan! Will ye no believe it noo!" Like the march of soundless music Through the vision of the seer, More of feeling than of hearing, Of the heart than of the ear, She knew the droning pibroch, She knew the Campbell's call: "Hark' hear ye no MacGregor's— The grandest o' them all!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengennee, Sharp and shrill as swords at strife. Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call, Stinging all the air to life. But when the far-off dust cloud To plaided legions grew, Full tenderly and blithesomely The rives of reserve blew!

Bound the silver domes of Lucknow, Round red Dowlah's golden shrine, Breathed the air to Britons dearest, The air of Auld Lang Syne. O'er the cruel roll of war-drums, Rose that sweet and home-like strai And the tartan glove the turban. As the Goemice cleaves the plain.

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear—
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch,
O'er mountain, glen and glade;
But the sweetest of all music,
The l'ipes at Lucknow played!

Select Story.

SUMMERFIELD'S SECRET.

"A Million Bollars, or I'll Set the Pacific Ocean in Flames!"

In the Sacramento Daily Union of a recent date,

white CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1871.

"A great many pleas were proposed, discussed, "Great control of the contents o chief characteristics of that substance. It ignites instanţly, when brought in contact with water. Within that little globule of potassium, I have imbedded a pill of my own composition and discovery. The moment it is liberated from the potassium, it commences the work of decomposing the field upon which it floats. The potassium at once ignites the liberated oxygen, and the conflagration of this mighty globe is begun."

"'Yes,' said I, 'begun if you please, but your little pill soon evaporates and sinks, or melts in the surrounding seas, and your conflagration ends just where it began.'

surrounding seas, and your conflagration ends just where it began.'

"But, smeered he, 'the elementary substances in that small phial recreate themselves; they are self-generating, and when once fairly under way, must necessarily sweep onward, until the waters in all the seas are exhausted.'

"Rising from my seat, I went to the wash-stand in the corner of the apartment, and drawing a bowl full of spring valley water, I turned to Summerfield, and remarked: 'Words are empty, theories are ideal—but facts are things.'

"I take you at your word.' So saying, he approached the bowl, emptied it of nine-tenths of its contents, and silently dropped the potassium-

The control of the co

lowing additional particulars, as a sequel to the Summerfield homicide:

AUBURN, June 6, 1871.—The remarkable confession of the late Leonidas Parker, which appeared in your issue of the 13th ult., has given rise to a series of disturbances in this neighborhood, which, for romantic interest and downright depravity, has seldoin been surpassed, even in California. Before proceeding to relate in detail the late transactions, allow me to remark that the wonderful narrative of Parker excited throughout this Connty sentiments of the most profound and contradictory character. I, forone, halted between two opinions—horror and incredulity; and nothing but subsequent events could have fully satisfied me of the unquestionable veracity of your San Francisco correspondent, and the scientific authenticity of the facts related.

The doubt with which the story was at first received in this community—and which found utterance in a burleaque article in an obscure country journal, the Stars and Stripes, of Auburn—has finally been dispelled, and we find ourselves forced to admit that we stand even now in the presence of the most alarming fate. Too much credit cannot be awarded to our worthy Coroner, for the promptitude of his action, and we trust that the Governor of the State will not be less efficient in the discharge of his duty.

Since the above letter was written, the follow-

series of disturbances in this neighborhood, which, for romantic interest and downright depravity, has seldom been surpassed, even in California. Before proceeding to relate in detail the late transactions, allow me to remark that the wonderful narrative of Parker excited throughout this County sentiments of the most profound and contradictory character. I, for one, halted between two opinions—horror and incredulity; and nothing but subsequent events could have fully satisfied me of the unquestionable veracity of your San Francisco correspondent, and the scientific authy services of the scientific authy services of the facts related.

The doubt with which the story was at first received in this community—and the scientific authy services of the patient weak, and suffering from the loss of blood, and sert, and want of nourishment; occasionally sands to wound, produced most probably by the ball of a navy revolver, fired at the distance of ten, paces. It entered the back near the left clavicle, beneath the scropnia of the fifth and sixth ribs; grazing the pericardium, it traversed the mediatum, bardy touching the assophagns, and vena azygos, but completely severing the thoracic duct, and lodging in the xiphoid portion of the State will not be less efficient in the discharge of his duty.

[Since the above letter was written, the following proclamation has been issued:]

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR—\$10,000 RR—WARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE—By virtue of the authority in me vested, I do hereby offer the above reward of \$10,000; in gold coin of the United States, for the arrest of Bartholomew Graham, familiary known as Black Bart; said Graham is accussed of the mutred of C. P. Gillson, late of Auburn, County of Placer, on the 14th ult. He is five feet ten inches and a half in height, thick set, has a moustache sprinkled with gray, grizzled hair, clear bline eyes, walks stooping, and served in the lot of the part of the first and the bina a few days.

The deposition of the attending playsition of the patient weak, and suff

ABEL GEORGE. (Correct): Thos. Alwyn, Coroner.

Miscellany.

BT JOHN HAT.

In the dream-of the Northern poets,
The brave who in battle die,
Fight on in shadowy phalans,
In the field of the upper sky;
And as we read the sounding rhymes,
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless sworth
And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think, with imperious questionings.

Of the brothers that we have lost,
And we strive to track, in death's mystery,
The flight of each valiant gloss.

The Northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel, through our sorrow a night,
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for the truth and light.

Again they come! Again I hear
The tread of that goodly band;
I know the flash of Ellsworth's eye,
And the grasp of his hard, warm hand;
And Putnam, and Shaw, of the lion heart,
And an eye like a Boston girl's;
And I see the light of heaven which shone
On Ulric Dabligren's curis.

Phere is no power in the gloom of hell To quengh those spirits fire; There is no charm in the bliss of heaven To bid them not aspire; But somewhere in the eternal plan, That strength, that life survive, And, like the files on Lookout's crest, Above Denth's clouds they strive.

A chosen corps—they are marching on, In a wider field than ours; These bright battaliens still fulfill The scheme of the heavenly powers; And high, brave thoughts float down to us, The echoes of that far fight, Like the flash of a distant picket's guns, Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field,
Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugies of God shall sound recall,
And the Battle of Life be won!

"The way to get credit in to be punctual! the way to preserve it is not to use it too much. Settle of-ten; have short accounts."

ten; have short accounts."

Trust no man's appearance—they are deceptive—perhaps assumed for obtaining credit. Beware of a gaudy exterior. Rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him, if any one, who carries little upon his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned; make him pay quickly, if there be any virtue in the law. The following is a copy of the verdict of the Coroner's jury:
County of Placer, Cape Horn Township—In re.
C. P. Gillson, late of said County, deceased.
We, the undersigned, Coroner's jury, summoned in the foregoing case, to examine into the cause of the death of said Gillson, do find that he came to his death at the hands of Bartholomew Graham, usually called "Black Bart," on Wednesday, the 17th of May, 1871. And we further find said Graham guilty of murder in the first degree, and recommend his immediate apprehension.

JOHN QUILLAN, ALEX, SCHIBNER,
P. MCINTIER, WM. A. THOMPSON,
ABEL GEORGE.

him pay quickly, if there be any virtue in the law.

Beware of him who is an office seeker; men do not usually want office when they have any thing to do. A man's affairs are rather low when he seeks office for support. Trust no stranger; your goods are better thus doubtful charges. What is character worth, if you make it cheap by crediting all alive? Agree beforehand with every man about to do a job, and if large, put it in writing; if any decline this, quit or be cheated. Though you want a job ever so much, make all sure at the outset; and in a all doubtful cases make sure of a guarantee. Be not afraid to ask it, it is the test of responsibility; for if offence be taken, you have escaped a loss. If he be in fact responsible, he will like you better, for he thus knows that he is dealing with a man who looks at the end of things, and may expect to be well served. If not, he will be provided and discharge you instantly. Thus you have in your power to protect yourself in any doubtful case, by simply insisting on security.

"Once well begun is twice done!"

No is a very useful word—be not afraid to use it. Many a man has pined in misery for years by it. Many a man has pined in misery for years by it. Many a man has pined in misery for years by it. The above documents constitute the papers introduced before the Coroner. Should anything of further interest occur, I will keep you fully advised.

POWHATTAN JONES. Since the above was in type, we have received from our esteemed San Francisco correspondent, W. H. R., the following letter:
SAN FRANCISCO, June 8, 1871.—On entering my office, this morning, I found a bundle of manuscript, which had been thrown in at the transom over the door, labeled: "The Summerfield Manuscript." Attached to them was an unscaled note

THE ADVANCE-GUARD.

could Trionnial Rounism of the Army of the net, New York City, July 19, 1871.]

It was not their time for rest and sleep;
Their hearts best high and strong;
In their fresh veins the blood of youth
Was singing its bot, sweet song.
The open Heaven bent over them;
'Mid flowers their lithe feet trod;
Their lives lay vivid in light, and blest
By the smiles of women and God.

HOW TO BE RICH.

SHORT PATENT SERNON.

My text (relating to the wife business) is inclu-

Then cherish her dearly,
And love her sincerely:
Be faithful, indulgent and kind;
Make not a slight failing.
A pretext for railing.
If such you should happen to find.

O, do not misuse her,
And never refuse her,
When proper her wishes may be,
And thy cost, care and trouble
She II recompass double,
By the kiminess she II lavish on thes.

By the kindness she II lavish on thee.

My hearers—I am not speaking of horses, but I do intend to say that a wife is as nice a creature to work in double harness, if you use her properly, as a person need wish todrive;—I must hold up—I didn't mean drice, but possess. Yes, she works well, if rightly served, and badly if abused; she won't put her trot over the traces, nor hold hard on the bit, with proper treatment; but with severe and unjust management, she shows the speak characteristic of her sex, and which I, for one, take the responsibility to admire. Sho expects to be treated like a human, at least; and when a brute of a husband endeavors to make her a slave, and kick her about like a dog, it must be supposed that she will throw herself upon her reserved rights—a pair of tongs, a broomstick, or a particular lover.

My friends—a wife should be cherished dearly. Consider the amount of love laid out to get her,

My friends—a wife should be cherished dearly. Consider the amount of love laid out to get her, in the first place—the costs attending the preliminaries—and the after expenses so cheerfully defrayed. Consider these, I say, and then think, if you can, that she is not worth preserving and protecting as a pearl of 'great price.' You take her for better or for worse, just as you buy a colt. If she prove better, you have reason to rejoice; but if she turn out to be worse, you must consider it your misfortune, and bear the burden as well ag you can. The predicament was no fault of hers; she didn't ask you to take her; but yos popped the question, and she replied: 'Here, sir, I give myself away—now take me as I am!' So you see, you are bound to cherish her under any circumstances, let her be good or bal—a direct descendant of the devil or a legitimate offspring of heaven.

dant of the devil or a legitimate offspring of heaven.

My dear friends—after you have got a wife, see that you continue to love her sincerely; assincerely, if not as warmly, as when you first breathed into her ear the tender sentiments of your heart. Cling to her with all the affectionate tenacity of a hop-vine; and when the tempest winds of tromble blow, cling tighter still, like a coon to a limb in a hurricane. You must love her, and love each other, if you would keep fresh and bright the fairest blossoms in the beaquet of combial bliss, and see little jump-up-johanies ever and anon springing up in your flower-beds of domestic loy. But I know how it is with you, young husbands—your love is apt to boil over in the beginning, and put out the fire—then the liquor grows cold by degrees and sometimes so low in temperature, that if the thermometer were introduced, I think it wouldn't stand a great ways from freezing heat. You walk into the matrimonial Eden, and imagine that double-breasted joys and india rubber pleasures are forever to attend you; but, directly you fall afoul of the fruit—fill yournelves almost to a surfeit—and then say in your inwards, 'This place isn't near so nice as I thought it was; I don't trow but I would as seen he out as in, and per-